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# Royal Intrigues:

OR,

## SECRET MEMOIRS OF *FOUR PRINCESSES:*

INVOLVING

NUMEROUS INTERESTING AND CURIOUS ANECDOTES  
CONNECTED WITH THE PRINCIPAL  
COURTS OF EUROPE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

---

VOL. I.

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BY

J. P. HURSTONE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "THE NOBLE CORNUTOES," &c. &c. &c.

---

Fugite amor amanti; amore amico  
O che fiero nemico,  
Non credete à sembianti:  
Che par soave, è pûngente, è crudo,  
E men è disarmato alor ch'è uado.

GUARINI]

---

LONDON:

Printed by M. Allen, Paternoster-Row,

FOR J. F. HUGHES, 15, PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND  
5, WIGMORE-STREET, CAVENDISH-SQUARE.

Royal Antiquaries:

OF

THE MEMOIRS OF  
FOUR PRINCESSES:

IN TWO VOLUMES.

AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE  
LIVES OF THE PRINCESSES  
MARIANNE, MARY ANNE,  
AND MARY II.

BY

VOL. I.

BY

J. P. HURSTON, ESQ.

Author of "The History of the  
Royal Antiquaries, &c."

Printed and Sold by

J. P. Hurston,

at the

Printers, No. 15, Pall Mall, London.

1794.

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TO

THE EDITORS OF THE PUBLICATION, ENTITLED

*The SATIRIST, or Monthly Meteor.*

Il y a des reproches qui louent, et des louanges  
qui medisent.

*Le Duc de la Rochefoucauld.*

GENTLEMEN,

ALTHOUGH I am aware that  
the annexed pages contain nothing  
likely to attract your notice, yet as

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the publication of them affords me the earliest opportunity of discharging the debt of gratitude which I owe you, I conceive that I need not preface my present epistle with any apology for thus trespassing upon your valuable time—valuable inasmuch as it is constantly employed in the service of the public. This last observation is founded upon truth, if we may attach credit to your own assertions; and being a gentleman myself by birth and education, I will not even question the veracity of “a society of private gentlemen.”

I must candidly acknowledge, that from all I had heard concerning your work I was not led to imagine that with a generosity, unequalled in the annals of criticism, you would have stepped forward and rescued my feeble attempts at Satire from the shades of oblivion, to which the original airiness of the composition was fast hurrying them; that out of your own pockets you would have paid ten shillings to support the fame of a youthful author; and that, regardless of the present high price of paper, you would kindly, gratuitously have afforded me two pages

and a half of that excellent miscellany which you so ably conduct.

I am aware that ill-natured souls will say, you did so, because, alas! you had nothing else fit to occupy the place of the genteel *critique*, that your correspondents fearing to be involved in the ruin which seems to threaten you, had one and all deserted your banners; and, in fine, that the costs of a late action had so completely drained the coffers of the "society of private gentlemen," as to disenable them from furnishing golden induce-

ment to the *sheet-authors*, to wade farther through "the mud of literature."

Far be it from me, however, to cast such reflections upon the fair fame of "a society of private gentlemen," and had I even grounds for instituting such reflections, my respect for my literary eulogists would prevent my making use of them.

No doubt, gentlemen, by the times you have read thus far, you will, in your attic apartment, be knocking your erudite heads together in order to



ascertain whether I am in jest or in earnest. In order, then, to prevent your speculative abilities from being totally exhausted by this research, I beg leave to assure that you I am in downright earnest. In proof of this assertion, I need only state, that since the appearance of your liberal critique, my publisher has disposed of the copies of "The Piccadilly Ambulator," which previously lay on his hands, and that at this moment he has not one left either for you or your friends.

How then—in what words shall I



express the obligations I owe you?—  
To you I am indebted for the notoriety  
which I now enjoy, and to you are  
myself and my publisher bound to re-  
turn the most sincere thanks for the  
receipt of not a few pounds. Generous  
minded “private gentlemen!” Me-  
thinks I behold your modest fronts  
glowing beneath the shade of your  
“literary laurels,” with a hue only to  
be equalled by the blushing cover of  
your “Monthly Meteor.”

You would shrink from the praises  
of an author—you would be thought

severe, and under the rugged garb of harsh criticism would hide the natural goodness of your hearts! but ah! it will not do. Forth you must come, and receive that just incense which neither puff paragraphs in the diurnal prints, nor the sly whispers of the admiring *few* can bestow. You shall receive incense justly due to your merits from an AUTHOR, from one of that envious tribe that almost invariably casts a green eye upon the display of rival talent.—Yes, those of my readers, who have not had the felicity of perusing the *two pages and a half* upon

which my fame is founded, shall now be favoured with the choicest bits of that delectable little critical collation.

You begin with a quotation (which I need not repeat) from our immortal bard (who I dare say never dreamt that his style would be so beautifully variegated, so tastefully cut and patched as in this instance it is, or that any production of his pen would be so far honored as to appear amid the flowery meads of literature, that delight the intellectual faculties during a perusal of your nonpareil publication;) and in

return for the compliment to my taste thus elegantly conveyed, I beg leave to present you with the following extract from the work of a no less *notorious*, than Shakespeare is a *celebrated* author. Your natural good sense and perspicacity will doubtless direct you how to appreciate the intention of the donor, and I am certain that the gift will appear to you, gentleman, as the only one adequate to your exalted merits.

Oh Heav'n! vouchsafe a *youthful author's* pray'r,  
Stretch thy protecting arm to shield the *lawyers*,  
Whose *briefs* are drawn against *vile venal critics*,

Who spurn thy sacred laws, trample on justice,  
Contemn humanity, and mock religion.\*

MANNERS' *Edgar, or Caledonian Feuds.*

Fearful lest the readers of your miscellany should imagine me to be one of those pettifogging, ignorant scribblers that work for *some* periodical nothings, ("the society of private gentlemen *cannot* be classed with such beings,") you are careful to inform them, by the following neat apostrophe,

---

\* The interesting tragedy from which this extract is made, may be had at many of our booksellers' shops for the moderate sum of *four pence*—"That it should come to this!"—*Shakespeare.*

that I am not only a *gentleman* but an *author*, characters which it would seem, you do not conceive to be always compatible. “Another ’squire turned author, or is it an author turned ’squire?”—How good natured! That is in plain english, “gentle (or duped) readers, here appears before you an *esquire* by his own and his publisher’s account, and an author by our’s.”

---

Could any thing be more favourable! Learning tempered by gentility is at once conferred upon me by the great

dispensers of literary rewards!—Now there are certain *cross-grained* fellows who will try to persuade their friends that this apostrophe was meant to ridicule me; but such fellows do not know the conductors of the “Satirist”—if they did, they would be conscious that these gentlemen are perfectly well aware that a writer of an indifferent novel, a satire, or “what you will,” has as good a right to assume the title of ‘squire as has a poetaster, or the scribbler of a d——d tragedy—MANNERS forbid that he should not!



You next proceed (you kind-hearted “private\* gentlemen,”) to state, that from the beginning to the end my work exhibits immorality under the garb of meretricious sentiment and bombast, that the modest and simple youth “would shudder at hearing my anecdotes recited, or something to that effect—and thus, thought you, we

---

\* A wicked wag soon after the appearance of your prospectus hinted to me, “that if the designation *private* were changed to that of *invisible*, *certain* circumstances would attach propriety to the substitution.”—This fellow is certainly “worthy the lash of the Satirist.”



shall slyly insinuate to "the modest and simple youth," that there is something contained in the pages of our favourite work ("The Piccadilly Ambulator") calculated to gratify the curiosity natural to "modest and simple youths."—Your plan, your excellent, generous plan has succeeded; for, my publisher informs me that the copies of my work lately sold were mostly purchased by the apparently "modest and simple," of both sexes.

Noble minded "private gentlemen!" who, to assist a youthful au-

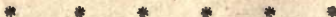
thor struggling amid the waves of the literary ocean, would forfeit your self-bestowed character by condescending to commit to paper the grossest of falsehoods. Let it not be said by the ignorant, undiscerning multitude, that malignity of disposition prompted you to declare my work an immoral one. No—for you yourselves seem well convinced that indelicacy and the most detestable ribaldry (which I believe are tantamount to immortality) are the best spur to the sale of a new publication.

The following quotations which, for the benefit of the incredulous, I make from the last number of the Satirist (No. X.) will prove that I do not push forward unfounded assertions in this respect.

At page 517. See the wanton, loose, and libidinous "Epigram to Mrs. P—n, the Fair Exhibiter." But lest some should not think fit to pay half-a-crown for the enjoyment of even so capital a treat, I shall transcribe a little article, immediately succeeding the luscious epigram (luscious, although it is of the

dogrel family) whose meaning can be fathomed even by "the simple and modest youth," unless that in addition to his simplicity and modesty" he possess stupidity.

"We understand that Lady L—— and Mrs. P—— have kindly resolved to instruct our fashionable youths in the *use of the globes*, and that *their school* will be *open* every evening till further notice. They are reported to have made some wonderful discoveries about the tropic of *Cancer*."



But the “society of private gentlemen” do not confine themselves to carnal indelicacy, they jog merrily on to hoggish filthiness, and in the course of the journey, ridicule the Ministers of the Gospel, by presenting their readers with “The Substance of a Sermon,” from which *substance* I make the following extract, as a specimen of the whole of the nice production.

“But ’tis that dirt, it makes me sick to tell ye,

“It is that dirt which \* \* \* \* \*

What a charming work must your’s be for the *breakfast-table*, “Messieurs

XXIV LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Satirists!" What scope your *lucky stars* have left for imagination's wanderings!

By the bye, now I think of it, you managed that turn most excellently, when not being able to discover any thing lewd or indecorous in my publication, you told the simpletons, who unwittingly had parted with their half crowns, "that you would not give publicity to such trash," &c. &c.—now, my case with regard to your work was widely different, and you perceive that I have given a small share of publicity to part of the abo-

minable obscenity, which will doubtless immortalize your work, provided it be not consigned to the common hangman, that the ends of justice may, through the medium of his fire, be answered.

Though a friend, who is now looking over me, would have me remonstrate with you upon your falsely asserting, that “for the plot of *my love-story* I was indebted to the tales of Mrs. Behn, or some equally valuable volume from the circulating library;”—yet, I cannot comply with his sugges-



tion. I am confident that you meant not to injure me by the observation, but that you made it merely lest you might be suspected of showing me too unmixed favour; besides, I am confident that you, gentlemen, well know, or at least, that one among you knows, there is no more harm in deriving aid from Mrs. Behn than from Mrs. Radcliffe, and that the one act (were it committed) *would be* as defensible on the ground of the author's not being able to write good prose, as the other *is* on the ground of a poetaster being capable of composing only twee-del-  
du<sup>m</sup> and twee-del-dee verses.



When necessity makes authors, such authors *must* give something to the Public; and if the old adage be true, that “stol’n fruit is sweetest,” the works of a plagiarist will be better relished than those of an original writer.

A word or two more, and then, sweet “private gentlemen,” my letter, but not, I hope, our correspondence is concluded. I cannot help thanking you for your improvement upon a sentence of my Introduction, which in the original stands thus: “The Piccadilly Ambulator is not intended for the use of

readers in general, though it may contribute to their *amusement*; it has been penned rather for the benefit of those to whom it is dedicated."—

That is, "it is penned for the benefit of nobility, and not for that of "private gentlemen" or others, who, I believe you will own, without "making a parade of your candour," compose the *general* class of readers. Now, pray Messieurs Satirists, is this improper? and don't you think that if I were to say, the work in question was designed for the use of readers in general,

it would be as absurd as contributing a rational or moral paper to your "hotch-potch?"

I cannot refrain from paying a tribute of admiration to the extensiveness of reading which your meritorious labours occasionally evince—from "Horace" you jump to "Tom Thumb," from "Tom Thumb" to Homer," and from the ancient bard of Greece to "Joe Miller:" *à-propos*. What says Joe about the Duchess of Kingston?—I rather think, the multiplicity of your pursuits, or perhaps a dose of that be-

verage, which you have honoured with a place in your *sombre* frontispiece, sometimes renders your brains as muddy as the literature through which you tell us you wade. Don't you think that, since you are scavengers, you might usefully pursue the duties of your calling by clearing your *pericrania*, *Sapienti verbum sat*. I know you love scraps of latin.

As to the bold stroke by which you aimed to render me as infamous as yourselves, namely, by the quotation from your favourite work, relative to

celibacy and matrimony—I am sorely afraid that it will not have the effect you intended; for, (if I mistake not) your friend the celebrated Mr. Thomas Dibdin (whose name the late Editor of the News, but now of the Examiner has gilt\*) took the start of me. See the song “A Bachelor Leads an Easy Life, &c.”—*Opera of the Cabinet.*

But the intention is every thing—you purposed to do me a service, and I am grateful; nay my heart is still full,

---

\* For Heaven's sake, “private gentlemen,” let not this participle generate filthy ideas.

and I would fain empty it's contents upon paper, but, really, I have already taken up so much of your precious time, that I must draw to a conclusion.

Before I terminate my epistle, however, I would, as a small addition to my other testimonies of gratitude, give you a few articles of friendly advice, sweet "private gentlemen."

1st. Ask Garrow, whether you are not liable to a prosecution for obtaining money under false pretences, by vending a book with the title of the

Satirist, when in effect it is the Eulogist?

2dly. If you wish your succeeding numbers to appear *really* deserving of your unjustly assumed title, read Swift, and (if you can) study Juvenal—in *the original language*.

3dly. Forbid your “Cantab,” to borrow from antiquated Magazines.

4thly. Soap your noses each morning ere you steal from your dens, and wear thick great coats abroad.



5thly. Daily practise attitudes adapted to the platform of a pillory.

And lastly. Remove your lodgings from the neighbourhood of the Public office to some less dangerous quarter of the town. What think you of Dyot-Street, St. Giles's? you will be quite at home there.

Now, Messieurs Satirists, now sweet "private gentlemen," have I not exhibited my gratitude in the most glaring point of view?—You see I have been careful to provide you with advice



adapted to every emergency: did you not acknowledge yourselves dunghill-cocks, it would be superfluous. Stick close, then, to your dunghill, but don't meddle too much with "Bristol stones;" you may find some of them rather cutting. Adieu, sweet Satirists, farewell, ye simple-headed, milky-hearted, lily-livered "private gentlemen"—and believe me to be, with every sentiment of gratitude, veneration and awe,

Your obsequious and  
admiring Esquire,

J. P. HURSTONE.

10th July, 1808.

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given them—they are not so pleasant to feel—  
but in return the legend is so visible, that at  
the first glance you see whose image and su-  
perscription they bear.”

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# ROYAL INTRIGUES.



## SECRET HISTORY of the PRINCESS ANNE of COBOURG.

THE Court of Augustus, Elector of Saxony, held at Dresden, was indubitably one of the most brilliant of it's time. Fêtes and entertainments of every description seemed to form the sole occupation of it's inhabitants. Nothing which could contribute to the augmentation of it's splendour, such



as tilts, tournaments, banquets, balls by torch-light, &c. was neglected; each day formed in itself a round of pleasure, and crowds of strangers flocked from every part of Europe, either to assist at the fêtes, or to partake of the amusements which they afforded.

Among the charming Princesses who composed the family of the Elector, and who in some sort were the life and Queens of those fêtes, the Princess Anne in a peculiar manner attracted the attention and excited the admira-

tion of every body: to the sweetness of an angel she added all the graces of her sex, and something heavenly in her air, which endued her with a superiority over the other ladies of the Court, similar to that which blushing Aurora exhibits in regard to the stars, wherewith the celestial canopy is besprinkled. There was not a Prince or Nobleman but she inspired with the most tender sentiments, at the same time that they entertained for her that profound respect which beauty and virtue, when united, fail not to command. Each aspired to the felicity of

possessing so adorable a woman, and to the glory of becoming deserving of her heart and hand.

In the number of her most ardent and constant admirers, the Duke of Saxony, John Casimir, who resided at Cobourg, and figured in the most splendid style at the Court of the Elector, was supereminent. In every fête he not only distinguished himself by his agility in the course, but also by the address which he exhibited in the tournament, whence he had oftentimes borne away the palm.

It was the lovely Anne who distributed the crowns to the conquerors, and never did Casimir receive that destined for him, without experiencing the most lively desire to possess the hand which with such unspeakable grace adorned his forehead. There was no difficulty in reading in his eyes, what passed in his heart at such times; and what escaped the attention of the Princess was explained to her by Helen Maltiz, one of the ladies attached to her service, and who appeared to understand, rather better than her mistress, the mute language of which

women in general divine the signification in a manner truly prophetic. The delicacy of their perceptive faculties enables them to discover a kind of relative quality between objects the most distant; the heart of man is their domain, and it seldom happens that its inmost recesses remain unexplored by them. "Have you not remarked, Madam," said Helen one day to the Princess, "with what lively and tender interest the young Duke of Cobourg has of late regarded your every motion?" "Indeed," replied the Princess, "I have frequently percei-

ved him gazing upon me in a very extraordinary manner. In the last conversation which I had with him some few days ago, I heard him sigh profoundly several times." "Of which, as well as of the tender looks of the Duke, love was the cause." "Yesterday," resumed the Princess, "when I presented him with the crown of flowers decreed to him as the tournament-prize; he squeezed my hand and cast upon me the most expressive glances." "Amorous glances," said Helen. "Seeing that I cast my eyes downwards, he retired sighing." "The

thing is no longer doubtful, Madam, the Duke of Cobourg loves you, and his looks, sighs, and tender squeezing of your hand, are so many proofs of his passion." "But," said the Princess, "all the other Princes regard me with similar interest, and I perceive that they too sigh profoundly. At the last ball, the Duke of Holstein tenderly pressed my hand within his." "A fresh proof, Madam, that you inspire them all with the most delicate of sentiments." "What! all smitten of me! nevertheless I neither can, nor in justice ought, to love more than



one of them." "Assuredly," replied Helen, "and he who merits the preference is without doubt the Duke of Cobourg, a charming Prince, endowed with the rarest qualities." "True, but always serious, and occasionally even dark and sullen."

"This sorrowful air and distant conduct of his is entirely owing to the retired life which he has been obliged to lead in his youth. His father, the duke John Frederick, lost, as we know, his possessions, his vassals, and his liberty, in consequence of the treaty

of Grumbach, and is now confined in the prisons of the Emperor. This event has, of course, much affected the son, as indeed has the confiscation of his brother's effects; which, however, John William, of Weimar, has had the generosity to restore to his nephews.

“ The misfortunes of the father, and the uncertainty there is as to the fate that awaits him, have spread an air of melancholy over the physiognomy of this excellent son, and communicated even to his voice a certain sad-

ness, which will not fail to vanish in the arms of a loving and sensible bride, whom he will cherish, and to whose felicity the sole study of his life will be to contribute. I am well persuaded, that if he make the demand, your father will not refuse him your hand. He will be affected by the generosity with which Casimir shares in the misfortunes of his parent; with these misfortunes the Elector is well acquainted, he having been commissioned to announce the imperial decree of banishment to the old Duke; and it was he likewise, who took Gotha by assault,

and delivered that Prince over to the power of the Emperor. Your father is the most upright of men, his sentiments are as delicate as they are noble, and I am fully confident that these motives will determine him to give the preference to young Casimir so soon as the latter shall make known his desire of obtaining your hand."

"All that you tell me, my dear Helen," rejoined the Princess, "bears the stamp of probability; but if the Duke should retain his sombre and melancholy air, or should his sadness

increase instead of amending, would not the woman with whom he might form an alliance be excessively unfortunate?" "A virtuous woman, Madam, one whose thoughts are in the right place, never can be overwhelmed by misfortune. I well know that men do not fall from Heaven endowed with all the qualities that we could wish them to possess, as well for their own sakes as for ours, even that would have it's inconveniencies." "I have not yet formed a wish," returned Anne, "to unite my destiny to that of any man: at the same time I will not use dissi-

mulation, but candidly acknowledge that I have been highly flattered by the respectful eagerness with which so many Princes have offered me their homage." "Consequently," rejoined Helen, "you can with little difficulty make choice from among so many adorers, unless indeed that you have a desire to listen to the proposals of each of them, and thereby determine your election." "What folly!" said the Princess, laughing, "that would neither be becoming nor allowable." "You may add," rejoined Helen, "that one God, one law, and one husband,

are quite enough for the heart of one woman."

From the time of this conversation the Princess gave particular attention to the conduct of the Duke, and communicated to Helen all the remarks she made upon the subject. After many observations on the part of the Princess, the result was, that Casimir was highly enamoured of her, which was still more positively confirmed by the avowal of her lover himself, made during a great hunting-party, in which chance procured for him the advantage of accom-



panying her. For a long time he rode beside her without daring to venture a word. Anne, who loved talking, was not much flattered by the taciturnity of her companion, and very little would have caused her to testify the displeasure which his silence gave her.

“ I will lay a wager,” said she at length, “ that your grace is inwardly vexed by your ill luck.” “ I, Madam, complain of my lot, when I have the good fortune to be near you! Ah! Princess, blend less severity with your surmises.” “ Your conduct evidently

proves, that if I appear severe, you cannot accuse me of injustice.” “ Ah !” replied the Duke, sighing, “ my conduct would appear less blameable in your eyes, if you were acquainted with the motive of it.” “ What is there wanting to your happiness ?” “ All that I can possibly desire ; yet for the possession of which, I fear, I am not allowed to hope.” “ Perhaps your desires are too great ?” “ Alas ! that is the continual cause of my fears, and of the secret torments I endure. I have been happy enough to obtain over many others the advantage of accompanying you this

day; yet perchance that, which to me is a source of felicity and satisfaction, may on your part prove quite the reverse." "I must, indeed, have very great cause for chagrin, when I appear discontented with the companion allotted to me; at present I can only complain of his extreme reserve. I own to you, that, like women in general, I am the declared enemy of silence, and on that account brave the shafts of satire: therefore, my dear Duke, do tell me some story of old times, or rather give me an account of the curiosities of Cobourg: gaiety and pleasure, no doubt,

reign there. You possibly are not always disposed to be their subject, but it is better to be a mourner in the house of joy, than a man of pleasure in the house of mourning." "That which I inhabit *might* become the asylum of happiness and pleasure." "What prevents you," said the Princess, "from entertaining those agreeable guests?" "Nobody, Madam, can be more anxious for their company than I; but that is a pleasure which I cannot hope to enjoy, unless I could flatter myself with being able to attract them to my solitude by the presence of an amiable and

interesting woman, who would deign to dwell in it. Cobourg would then undergo a change: every thing there would assume a smiling and animated appearance, and from that moment it would become to me a new Eden, in which I should taste all the pleasures attendant on the purest felicity.”

“ Well then, you must diligently seek for what you so much want.” “ I have already found it,” replied the Duke, “ but it still remains to be ascertained whether the person who has been the object of my researches, will

consent to aid in fulfilling my intentions.” “ Is it a fair question to ask, upon whom your choice has fallen ?”

“ That is a secret which I propose soon to confide to you, Madam, to the Elector your father.” “ O,” said Anne, smiling, “ I now guess you are in love with my sister.” “ Ah !” replied the Duke, “ why name your sister, when it is you, and you alone, to whom I allude ?”

As he spoke thus he spurred his courser, while the Princess, urging her own forward, smiled archly at him.

Immediately after the chace Casimir sought out the Elector, and demanded of him the hand of Anne." "It is enough," replied that Prince, "I shall make known your proposal to the Electoress and to my daughter, and will communicate to you their answer: in the mean time, you may rest assured, that I shall find pleasure in favoring your suit, and will readily consent to the proposed union." The Duke returned to Cobourg, and there impatiently awaited the answer of the Elector. A young page at length put him out of suspence, and brought him intelligence



which confirmed his fondest hopes. Casimir having loaded the youthful messenger with presents, hastened in company with him to Dresden.

“ Madam! Madam!” said Helen, bursting into the Princess’s apartment in breathless haste, “ do you not perceive the rapid approach of the Duke of Cobourg? For Heaven’s sake, look out Madam, his charger does not gallop, it flies. With what rapture must his heart beat!”

“ Ah!” replied Anne, “ his journey hither would doubtless be performed more slowly, if he were aware that our

marriage cannot take place before the end of two years." "What signifies that," exclaimed Helen, "two years will quickly pass away. Remember, Madam, how long poor Jacob was obliged to serve Laban in order to obtain Rachel; years appeared to him no longer than if they were days." "Yes," said the Princess, "so we are indeed told." "And thus it always is, Madam. Interrogate married men, and they will tell you that their time of courtship was the happiest and apparently the shortest of their whole lives." The Duke now approached, and throwing himself at the

feet of the Princess, presented her with a lovely little cupid wrought in amber and incased in a box of gold; it's wings, bow, quiver and arrows, were composed of the same metal; each arm was ornamented with a bracelet set with precious stones, and it's eyes were formed of two large diamonds. This truly royal present, at that time equally rare and curious, is still to be seen in the cabinet of the Elector among the rest of the curiosities which are shown there. The Princess having gazed with rapture upon the beautiful cupid, gave the Duke

in return an amber hand ornamented with a most superb ring.

These reciprocal presents were followed by splendid fêtes, which lasted for several weeks; the necessary settlements were made, the day for the celebration of the nuptials was fixed for two years afterwards, and they were consummated in effect on the 6th May 1584.

From this moment the Duke paid assiduous attention to the Princess, and seldom quitted her presence for an in-

stant. The whole time that he remained at Dresden was occupied in brilliant entertainments of every kind, which nevertheless had so little effect upon him as in no respect to change his general character; so lively was the grief he felt, and so deep the impression made upon him by the misfortunes of his father, who still bewailed the loss of liberty.

Having nearly lost all hope of recovering the property which had belonged to his ancestors, he could hardly believe the happiness to be real that awaited him. Naturally sorrowful, and of a me-

lancholy disposition even from his tenderest years, he preserved his *sombre* and serious air when arrived at a mature age; and nothing could alter his pensive brow, or cause him to shake off that austere gravity, so ill according with the gay and open air of the Princess, who, in fact, appeared to have been reared in the school of smiles and cheerfulness. Various were opinions relative to the intended alliance: thus while some entirely disapproved of the lively Anne's being united to the silent Casimir, others said that there never was a more suitable or better conceived

match, inasmuch as the gaiety and good humour of the Princess would prove an antidote to the over austere habits of the Duke of Cobourg, and a balm to the mental wound which had so long been the bane of his happiness.

Those who entertained the former opinion ceased to frequent the Court of the Elector, while the others were anxious, if possible, to augment the *eclat* of the fêtes, &c. saying, that time would not fail to dissipate all the doubts started concerning the young couple's



future felicity. The ladies of the Court used also to remark, "The gaiety, the lively and winning manners of the Princess, will soon dispel the clouds of sorrow which overshadow the countenance of her intended spouse, and the address with which she will administer to him the cup of pleasure, will cause him to taste bliss of which he at present has no conception, but which will render him an object of universal envy."

Each of these soothsayers voluntarily engaged to prove her assertion. The Chancellor, a man of sound sense, ob-

served, shaking his head, "The habits of Summer are ill suited to Autumn." The confessor likewise made his reflections, and maintained that Providence, wise in all it's acts, did not without reason consign cheerfulness, to the arms of sadness. In short, every body, the jester of the Court not excepted, gave an opinion upon the subject. The latter shrewdly observed, on being asked what he thought of the projected marriage, "a mettlesome horse is ill adapted to an aukward rider." What our young lovers thought of the lot that awaited them, nobody knew; Helen

had various conversations with the Princess, who unaccustomed to reflect very deeply upon any thing that concerned her, implicitly gave credit to many assertions made by the former relative to the excellent qualities of the young Duke, assertions which probably had no other foundation than the good wishes of the assertor.

The two probationary years having passed over, the marriage-ceremony was celebrated with great pomp at Dresden; and as soon as the customary rejoicings were concluded, the Duke, in company

with his lovely bride, quitted that bustling city for the calm retreat of Cobourg. Anne, recovered from the intoxication occasioned by such innumerable pleasures, was somewhat astonished by the silence that reigned in the new asylum, whither her husband had conducted her.

The amusements of the Duke consisted in firing at marks, in hunting parties, and conferences which lasted frequently from morning till night between him and Ferber, a *bel esprit* whom he retained in his suit, in quality

of poet. Anne, who shared in none of those pleasures, quickly experienced sensations of *ennui*, and secretly bewailed the destiny that condemned her to such a monotonous kind of life. It was however absolutely necessary that either with a good or an ill grace she should thus determine to pass, at the age of nineteen, in the society of a sorrowful spouse, who had only attained his twenty-second year, those moments which for both of them should have been the sweetest and most agreeable of their lives.

The death of the Elector, her father, at length wrought a temporary change in her situation : as soon as she received the mournful news, she, with the Duke, set out for Dresden, in order to assist at the obsequies. This event, however, only served to augment her sorrow. Helen, who in the interval had likewise been married, hastened to pay her respects to her former mistress, and to condole with her upon the occasion of her visit to Dresden. The Duchess of Cobourg having congratulated her upon her marriage, endeavoured by various questions to ascertain whether she were

happy in her new state. "Most certainly," replied Helen, "I am perfectly so, and if I have any thing to desire, it is that your happiness may equal that which I daily experience in the presence of the man of my heart."

"Ah!" rejoined the Duchess, sighing profoundly, "the Duke of Cobourg ought never to have wedded me. My existence when in his presence, is but death anticipated, and a total privation of all that renders life supportable. The continual conversation of the inhabitants of the dismal castle



of Cobourg is relative to hunting, shooting, and so forth; and which are, in fact, the only kinds of amusement that in any wise vary the tiresome existence I am obliged to spin out in that horrible mansion. The melancholy disposition of my lord has not hitherto allowed me even to form an idea of those Hymeneal joys, of which I have heard so much. His cold, his languid caresses, are but ill calculated for a disposition like mine. His tenderness, in short, appears to be entirely comprised under the head of *conjugal duties*; respecting the nature of which,

he is in the daily habit of holding forth. If for a moment he discontinues those homilies, it is in order to form hunting-parties, which condemn me to remain a solitary being at Cobourg, and there lead the life of the most wretched anchorite. Oh! better would it have been for me, had I buried myself within the walls of a cloister, than to have united myself to such a man."

"Yet there are some pleasures——"

"Ah! my dear Helen," said the Princess, interrupting her, "where shall

I find any of which I can taste? Not in the gallery in which the Duke amuses himself with shooting at marks, and which I cannot enter without subjecting my eyes to be offended by the objects that meet them.\* It would be some pleasure to me if you were near me; for pity's sake therefore visit Co-

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\* The Duke was singularly attached to indecent figures and paintings, numbers of which he had collected in this gallery. In the library of the Duke of Saxony, at Gotha, is a M. S. filled with designs, whose subjects are of the most indelicate kind; and there are likewise some at Cobourg, which cede to the former in no respect. Models, of a similar description, may be seen of Zeuzel in Saxony. TALLE XIX.

bourg. Prevail upon your husband to accompany you, and let me once more behold faces impressed with the image of gaiety and happiness.”

As soon as the funeral ceremonies of the deceased Elector were concluded, and that the Duke supposed he had done every thing that custom exacted, he quitted Dresden. The Duchess, in leaving the town, could not restrain a torrent of tears, on reflecting upon the solitude in which she was again about to be immersed. During their sojourn at Dresden, the Elector, his brother-in-

law, and the Chancellor, a man of real honor and probity, took the liberty of giving the Duke some wholesome advice; the benefit of which he reaped, if we might judge from the attention he paid to the Duchess, and the apparent efforts he used to console her.

Helen having repaired to Cobourg, according to the invitation of the Duchess, the Duke intreated of her to remain for some time with her old mistress, towards whom she evinced so great an attachment. During six months which she passed there, Anne appeared much

more tranquil than before; but this calm, which was only ostensible, lasted no longer than the circumstances that gave rise to it. The tears wherewith her eyes were filled ceased to flow for a short period, but she concealed within her heart the barbed arrow that had wounded her peace. The Duke soon grew accustomed to the sorrowful and languid air of his spouse, and in order to leave her to the indulgence of that melancholy of which he himself was the cause, he visited Bamberg, Kulmbach, and other places in which his sporting friends dwelt.

On his return finding the chagrin of the Duchess increased, he had recourse to his jester, Ferber, whose sallies were somewhat similar in their kind to the pictures placed in the gallery, of which we have just spoken. The grief and vexation of Anne experienced a daily increase, insomuch that our two spouses at length only saw each other during meals; even at which times frequent altercations ensued, that obliged them to rise from table in the greatest anger.

Ferber, whose enquiring eye nothing



escaped, could not refrain from one day saying to the Duke, in his poetical and figurative style, that his Excellency's *conjugal aim* did not appear very likely to reach the *mark*. "That gives me very little concern," replied the Duke in a phlegmatic tone, "I should be still more pleased if it were less likely to reach the mark." "Yet," rejoined Ferber, "I am well aware of your Excellency's dexterity, and I have no doubt but it will enable you to reach the mark under the most disadvantageous circumstances. I am however inclined to think, that the Duchess will

not join in this eulogium, or felicitate you upon your talents, until you have given her proof of them by conferring upon her the pleasures of maternity. I have already composed my poem upon the birth of the charming heir, in addition to which we shall exhibit games, tournaments, &c.”

“ Right,” replied the Duke, “ and I have already planned the games ; here is also a medal which I have invented upon the subject.” On this medal appeared a courtier advancing, followed by three females. Over their heads swift-

ly flew three swallows, as if avoiding the approach of Autumn. The females had an air of confidence and conscious security, while the courtier, on the contrary, seemed anxious to hasten the progress of the youthful God of the Seasons. In the exergue were these words, "*he is wise that can be content with one.*" Upon the reverse of the medal was a fox perched upon a tree, beneath which was a couple of amorous turtle-doves: the legend was "*wonders upon wonders.*"

"What think you, my dear Ferber, of the idea of the fox in the tree, and

the turtles placed beneath?" "It is admirable, it is divine," replied the poet. "But may I ask your Excellency, what is the meaning of this allegory?" "It signifies," answered the Duke, "that one woman is adequate to my desires, and that—but follow me, I am going to fire at a mark."

The Duchess seeing herself entirely forsaken by the Duke, evinced still more discontent, to such a degree, that more than once the attendants of the ill-matched couple were obliged to withdraw, lest they should witness scenes of the most disgraceful nature.

One day when the Duke was rather intoxicated, which was not unfrequently the case, he addressed the Duchess with some humour, saying, that his wish had been to have wedded an amiable woman, but that he long since perceived he had made choice of a peevish and obstinate child.

“ Ah !” replied the Duchess, “ the tears which you are so cruel as to make me shed, ought to prove to you that your intention never has been to consider me the beloved half of yourself, the object of your utmost affection. Desire,

possession, satiety, have been the three epochs of your love, and with what rapidity have they flown! Scarcely has their duration been greater than that of the lightning's flash. Examine yourself internally, and you will find the solution of this enigma. Imagination has taken place of your heart. The latter remained void and cold; as soon as the intoxication of desire was evaporated, it revenged itself upon you for the efforts you had forced it to make through the course of a painful courtship, or rather amatory deception, and for this reason

it is that I am obliged to pine night and day in this dismal dungeon.”

“ It is your own fault, Madam, if you do not create pleasures for yourself.”

“ I beseech you,” said the Duchess, “ to point out to me a single one which I am at liberty to enjoy. Can you believe that your never-ending hunting and shooting parties are of a description to gratify the heart of a feeling and affectionate wife ?”

“ You would, no doubt,” replied the



Duke, “ prefer to them, balls, masquerades and routes. These, however, are amusements for which I neither have, nor ever shall have any relish. My intention is not to make the palace of Cobourg a place of public entertainment. This asylum of my ancestors is too venerable to be converted to such purposes; it’s noble antiquity never shall be sullied by pleasures of a kind unworthy of it, and only fit to be tasted by fools.”

“ Nevertheless at Dresden I have seen you eagerly join in those pleasures, which you now censure.” “ The Proverb says, *it is right to know how to howl*

*with the wolves*; fortunately, there is none at Cobourg: a good huntsman needs not such pleasures to whet his appetite for the chace."

" I acknowledge your superiority in this species of exercise, but a hunter does not possess the requisites for rendering me happy; rather let my spouse be an affectionate partner, than an expert sportsman."

" My duty and my conscience, Madam, direct me how to act in this respect, and I know——"

“ Ah !” exclaimed the Princess, “ consult less your duty and your conscience, and attend to the dictates of that affection you vowed to preserve towards me. Bring to your recollection those days passed at Dresden, where one of my slightest regards was held inestimable by you. When the love which occupied your breast permitted you not to discover a blemish in the object of your affection, and only dared discover itself through the agitation occasioned by the presence of her whose power you acknowledged.”

“ I was then a lover, at present I am a husband; all the illusions of love are dispelled, and I now perceive that it is a false passion to which the heart will ultimately be a dupe, unless a stop be put to it's progress. The pleasures which it promises are but shadows; he who pursues them grasps at air, and finally ruins himself by as fruitless efforts to attain his end, as those who seek for the philosopher's stone. I repeat to you, Madam, that the insipidity of love's boasted pleasures have given me a distaste for female society. I might have been weak for a short space of time,

but I am resolved that the woman of whom I have made choice never shall be a coquet at my expence." The Duchess, no longer able to support so painful a conversation, left the apartment of the Duke, and retiring to her own gave free vent to her tears.

The Duke, on his side, in order to get rid of the reflections occasioned by his conduct and the late conversation, ordered his horses to be saddled, and set out on a hunting-party, which lasted for three days.

The scene which we have just described having been frequently repeated, the Duchess at length had recourse to her confessor, from whom she hoped to receive the consolation she so much stood in need of:

The man of God could only advise her to bear her troubles with that patience which became a christian ; he then sought out the Duke, with whom he so successfully remonstrated, that the most felicitous effects followed ; for, from this moment, his manners towards the Duchess became more gentle, and his

attentions so marked, that her spirits began to assume their ancient tone; and that peace for which she so long sighed, once more became the inmate of her bosom. She had for some time enjoyed this tranquillity, when suddenly it's course was interrupted, though unintentionally, by the Duke himself.

“ I am of opinion, my dear Anne,” said he one day to the Duchess, “ that the solitary kind of life we lead at Co-bourg is irksome to you, and for some time past I have seriously thought upon the means of enlivening this solitude :



chance has just thrown in my way an opportunity of fulfilling my intention. The day before yesterday I became acquainted, at the house of the Bishop of Bamberg, with a man equally interesting and extraordinary, and whom I hope you will allow me to introduce to you. He is an Italian, who has travelled over every part of the globe, and is intimately acquainted with the arts and *belles lettres*. He is a most excellent juggler, plays the most ingenious tricks with cards, &c. recounts in the most animated style an infinity of anecdotes, which would almost make you die with

laughing; in a word, this man has the power of giving to every thing he utters so many charms, that the time occupied in hearing and seeing him passes imperceptibly away. I have invited him to come to Cobourg, and, I flatter myself, that to-morrow we shall have the pleasure of enjoying his company. It rests with him to remain here as long as he pleases, and I am perfectly assured that your happiness will experience no small increase from his society."

Anne, surprised by so marked and

delicate an attention upon the part of the Duke, cast herself into his arms, thanking him for the pains which he took to afford her amusement. Nothing could exceed the impatience with which our Italian was expected. Twenty times were persons dispatched to the highest turrets of the palace in order to discover the approach of this wonderful man, and as often was the chief page directed to repair to the avenue and receive the guest expected with so much anxiety.

The reader has probably surmised

who the man was, thus eagerly looked for. Jerome Scoti, one of the most celebrated men of his time, whom his contemporaries surnamed the Magician, and whose fame will be handed down to posterity, as well by the panegyrics passed upon him, as by the medals stricken in his honor,\* was a native of Placentia. At the time of our acquaintance with him he was making the tour of Germany, and visiting every Court where there was a chance of

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\* See the famous collection of medals by Lockner, 7th Volume, pages 281, 284, 420, and 423.

his gaining admirers and emolument, by the display of his *hocus pocus* art, the secret of which he did not fear being discovered even by the most acute observers.

At several Courts, particularly at that of the Elector of Cologne, who lost his possessions and his Electorate on account of his passion for the beautiful Countess of Mansfield, several dexterous feats had acquired him a name, which was never pronounced but with the greatest respect, and which obtained for him the friendship of every professor and patron of the occult sciences.

The Duke John Casimir was among the number of the latter. From his father he inherited the most decided taste for every science of this description, and even carried farther than he his credulity in regard to the prodigies of cabalistical philosophy. His greatest pleasure was to employ himself in such studies, and he possessed a faith which nothing could shake. Hence an idea may be formed of the rapture with which he learned the arrival of Signor Jerome at Bamberg, and of the high repute that adventurer enjoyed at the Court of the Bishop.

“ This man must honor my palace with his presence,” said he one day, and under pretext of going upon a hunting-party, he immediately took the route for Bamberg, in order to behold this astonishing man, for whom he had conceived the most profound veneration.

Nothing could exceed the pleasure which he felt in conversing with him. Scoti, who was one of the most able physiognomists of his time, fathomed the Duke at first sight, answered with the greatest complaisance every ques-



tion which his curiosity suggested to him, and treated him with such peculiar attention, that the Duke's vanity was highly flattered, and his desire to be intimately acquainted with the wonderful man increased.

Proud of a reception which to him was the highest gratification, the Duke set no bounds to the admiration he had conceived for the Magician. "You must absolutely," said he, "do me the favor to come to Cobourg; my whole palace is at your disposal, inhabit it, use it as if it were your own."

“ I shall be cautious of abusing such unbounded hospitality,” modestly replied Scoti. “ With the most lively sense of gratitude I accept of your Highness’s gracious invitation, and thank you for the generous manner in which you do me the honour of permitting me to pay my most humble devoirs to your family.” “ To me it will be the utmost pleasure to enjoy the company of so celebrated a man at Cobourg.” “ My celebrity, if indeed I may flatter myself that I enjoy any, is the effect of mere chance.”

“ O admirable man,” cried the Duke, “ his ability is only to be equalled by his modesty. Ah! it is not without reason that modesty is said to be the chiefest virtue of great men.”

“ Modesty,” said the Bishop, “ is a virtue which well becomes the christian. It is indeed true that Scoti possesses it in as eminent a degree as all the other qualities wherewith he is endowed, and that his most trivial actions mark him for a man who acts and thinks in conformity to the august prin-

ciples of our holy religion. My dear Jerome, you must absolutely accede to the proposal of the Duke of Cobourg. If I so easily resign my right to detain you here, it is because, as a christian and a good neighbour, I consider myself obliged to testify this mark of high respect for his Highness the Duke of Cobourg, and it is in the name of the illustrious Scoti that I engage to fulfil the promise I have just made."

" My Lord," replied the Duke with vivacity, pressing the hand of the Bishop, " I feel the full force of the

obligation ; my gratitude is only equalled by the joy I feel in consequence of your goodness. Now, Signor Jerome, may I hope to have your consent ?”

“ Could I refuse any thing to one who knows how to make a demand with so much grace ?” replied the Italian, inclining towards the Duke. “ Yes, to-morrow as soon as the lark shall take his flight in the vast region of air, and thence chant forth his matin notes, I shall depart from Bamberg for Cobourg, which I trust I

shall reach before mid-day. He kept his word, and arrived there at the appointed time.

The Duke perceiving our traveller, hastened to meet him, and express the pleasure he felt at his anxiously wished-for arrival. When every compliment that politeness and gratitude could suggest was exhausted, he invited him to take his place at table, and then advancing towards the Duchess said, "Behold Madam," taking her hand and presenting her to the newly arrived guest, "Behold

the man so much respected by Kings and other Potentates, of whom I have ere now spoken to you."

The Duchess, whose pleasure at the arrival of the Italian, was in no wise inferior to that of the Duke, received him in the most flattering manner, and with that grace which characterised her every action, declared the happiness she felt in beholding so great a man.

Scoti having approached her took her hand, and placing it before her



said, that it was there his happiness lay. Anne who understood not the meaning of these words, was silent, only sighing profoundly. The Duke surprised at the embarrassment which she appeared to undergo, could not refrain from demanding the cause.

“The presence of a man so celebrated, and of such consummate experience,” answered she, “embarrassed me, and the words he has just uttered, the meaning of which I do not understand, only serve to augment my confusion.”

“Do not give way to uneasiness,

Madam," rejoined Scoti, casting an expressive look upon her, "Time, the discoverer of all things, will instruct you in the import of the words I addressed to you. Heaven has bestowed upon you, understanding with a bounteous hand, hitherto seldom extended in favor of any female of your age and rank; and I find a pleasure in predicting that you will acquire, in the most eminent degree, knowledge of every kind. Do not, I pray you, consider this eulogy in the light of prodigal incense: No, Madam, I am unac-

quainted with the ways of fawning flatterers."

"You never flatter! and yet you passed your days in the midst of Regal Courts!" sharply observed the Duke's jester.

"Assuredly not," replied Scoti.

"Do you imagine that Kings and Grandees never hear the language of truth?"

"I frankly acknowledge that I am doubly a fool," retorted the buffoon,

“ for attempting to outface Signor Jerome Scoti, who is without doubt a man of wonderful abilities, and whose experience is infinitely superior to mine ; but, as the Scripture itself says, “ the people of this world have but an imperfect knowledge of every thing,” it is possible that in his character of man he is not acquainted with the quarter of what this vast universe contains.”

“ What say you [my son ?” gravely demanded Scoti.

“ I say, father, that if you have carried your knowledge to such a high pitch of perfection, it is much more sublime and extensive than that of the Apostle, whose words I have just quoted; time, however, will perhaps instruct us to render to your high conceptions all the honour due to them.”

“ It is the object of my wishes and my hopes,” answered Scoti.

The company now sat down to table, Signor Jerome spoke little. The

Duke, on the contrary, put a thousand questions to him, to which he only returned monosyllabical answers: then suddenly leaning back in his seat, his eyes became fixed, and he remained in a state of absolute immobility, all the guests regarded him in the most profound silence. The astonishment which his singular conduct caused in the Duchess, soon communicated itself to the Duke and the other persons at table, yet Scoti did not in the least alter his attitude. The buffoon's confused air added to the Duke's embarrassment, and he thought he could

not do better than send for his physician. Scoti however suddenly regained his natural motion, and regarding, with an air of cheerfulness, every person around him, began to converse with a volubility that caused universal surprise.

The Duke at length ventured to question him relative to his late singular conduct. Scoti having demanded whether any thing extraordinary had occurred, "Assuredly," replied the Duke, "you have remained divested of motion for nearly a quarter of an hour."



“Very true,” said Scoti, “my body was here, but the vivifying principle which animates it now was for the time with one of my friends, who was exposed to imminent danger at Dantzick.”

“At Dantzick,” exclaimed the Duke and Duchess, “at such a distance from Cobourg!”

“I arrived however opportunely to his aid, and I enjoy the ineffable happiness of being able to call myself his preserver. In what place

soever I may be, however great the distance between me and the friends I love, I always know how to minister to their wants. At the slightest desire, the most trifling need they have of seeing me, I am instantly beside them, and ready to lend them a helping hand."

"And you see them?" said the Duchess.

"That is not possible, Madam, the approximation of spirits can only take place in a spiritual manner."

“ I beg it as a favour of you, my dear Master,” said the Jester, “ that if henceforth your soul should happen to quit us, you will not let it forget to carry your body along with it; for I am not certain that it will remain quietly in this place. An idea upon this subject has occurred to me, which I crave permission to submit to you. If it should ever happen while your soul is upon one of it's expeditions, that some ill-disposed wight took it into his head to cut your body in pieces, reduce it to dust, in a word annihilate it,

would your soul be enabled to return to it's old habitation without experiencing any kind of inconvenience?"

"Certainly not," replied Scoti.

"That being the case, you would do well not to allow your soul to quit it's post thus, lest one day or other that which I have suggested should take place: it would not be very agreeable, on your soul's return, to find it's lodging totally destroyed."

"The misfortune would not be so

great as you seem to imagine, my soul could soon find another habitation. I assure you that when my soul quits this frail clay, I feel totally indifferent as to what may befall the latter."

"If so," replied the buffoon, "it may go forth without shutting the door. For my own part, I must say that it is a trifling inadvertance which I should be careful not to commit; but, it does not become a fool to meddle in magic."

“ Learn, my son,” rejoined Scoti, “ to dive into the secret springs of nature’s operations, and in your turn you will be a magician. The whole secret of magical science is contained in medicinal plants, in words, and in stones, *in herbis, verbis, lapidibus.*”

“ It may remain where it is, for I have no desire to discover it; I shall nevertheless be highly gratified by a display of your wonderful talents so much talked about.”

Scoti perceiving that this desire was

seconded by every body present, rose from his chair, and advancing towards the buffoon raised the red cap from his head, whence flew a bird with distended wings. "O dear," cried the jester, "I hope it is not my soul that has taken flight—my incredulity is overturned. But will this bird fly far?"

"Experience is directed to conduct and give him wing. But Madam," continued Scoti, addressing the Duchess, "Why is not that rose in your bouquet fresher?"



The Duchess casting her eyes towards her bosom saw that the rose was entirely faded; "yet," said she, turning to the Duke, "it is scarcely half an hour since I myself gathered this rose."

"There is a method of restoring it's bloom," rejoined Scoti. The Duchess gave the flower to the Magician, who put it into his glass, which he passed to the buffoon, ordering him to empty it and then take out the rose.

"Nothing could exceed the asto-

nishment of those present on perceiving that the rose resumed its pristine freshness and beauty, appearing as if it had but just been plucked off the tree. The buffoon presented it to the Duchess, who refused to accept of it, telling him to keep it as a memorial of the prodigy. Scoti again rising from his seat, took the rose from the jester, plucked off its leaves, and casting them in the fool's face, directed him to view himself in the mirror.

Every one burst into fits of laugh-

ter, which were redoubled by the surprise testified by the simple jester, and the pain he seemed to suffer in plucking off the leaves, with which his face was studded. "It must be owned, Signor Jerome," said he, "and I am ready to attest the same whenever you please, that you are the most astonishing and expert of men. And are all those wonders effected by innocent and lawful means?"

"The most innocent and lawful," replied Scoti.

“ The leaves you have just thrown upon my face, would much better suit the rose-bud which graces the breast of the amiable Duchess of Cobourg, and which I shall take the liberty to request of her.”

The Duchess having given the bud to the jester, he handed it to Scoti, who plunged it into his glass, drank off his wine, and drew forth a full bloom rose, which he presented to the Duke. The latter offered it to the Duchess, who, in her turn, gave it to Ulrich de Lichtenstein, a youthful

page who stood behind her, saying to him, "Give this to the damsel of your thoughts."

Ulrich readily accepted of the flower, and by a silence more expressive than any thing he could possibly utter, let the Duchess know the extent of his gratitude. The Duke, to whom this mute eloquence appeared inexplicable, stedfastly regarded his lady, while Scoti cast an enquiring and piercing look upon the young page, as if to ascertain the cause of the embarrassments he evinced.

From this time the conversation was made up of monosyllables, and continued in the same way till the rising from table. Scoti having then caused a circle to be formed around him, drew from his pocket a pack of cards, with which he played innumerable tricks, each more surprising than the other. Remarking that they afforded the Duchess peculiar pleasure, he offered to teach her some of them when she pleased.

The company having departed, the Duchess retired to her own apartment.

The Duke also betook himself to his, after having directed that wine and glasses should be carried thither, and engaged Scoti to fellow him. The Italian advancing toward Ulrich, said to him, at the same time squeezing his hand, "Lichtenstein, I am your friend, you shall be happy;" and immediately departed, leaving the young page astonished at the words he had uttered.

As soon as Scoti reached the apartment of the Duke, he began to speak of the sources and treasures of the occult sciences. The attention where-



with the Duke listened to him was so lively, that he imagined he had already discovered some of those treasures in every glass he emptied. The jester at length perceiving that from reading in his Bacchanalian conjuring book, the pleasure it afforded tended to turn his brain, he took him up in his arms, and carried him to his bed, where a crowd of golden visions presented themselves to his heated imagination.

Although his whole faculties appeared, as it were, fettered by the effects of wine and drowsiness, he still uttered

a multiplicity of unmeaning words, which the Jester could not hear without shaking his head in token of disapprobation of those infantile exclamations to which the juice of the grape gave rise. "All this happiness," said he, "will not fail to vanish when he awakes. Happy illusion! trifling but dear image! ah! save man from his reflections, and since life is but a dream, do not break it so long as it is a pleasant one."

Scoti, aware that the intoxication of the Duke would not permit him to

converse for some hours, retired to the chamber allotted to him, and locked it, to enjoy at his ease his lucubrations, and uninterruptedly to prepare the different species of tricks he purposed playing off during his visits.

Anne, who was still occupied by what she had heard and seen, sent for Hedwig, one of her women, and put many questions to her, in order to find out to whom Ulrich had given the rose with which she had presented him. "If he must only give it to the lady of his thoughts," said Hedwig, "he will

probably retain the flower for a considerable time, since I do not know one of whom he is smitten, or to whom he has given his heart; or if there be any person upon whom he bestows his affection, he keeps his desires under such controul, that the most piercing eye cannot discover them."

The Duchess conjecturing from this reply that Hedwig either wished to keep the secret, or was really unacquainted with the bent of Ulrich's inclinations, dismissed her.

In the mean while Rene de Teutleben, treasurer to the Duke, seeing Ulrich walking pensively up and down the dining-room, approached him, saying, " You appear to be deep in thought, my dear Lichtenstein, perhaps you are reflecting upon the tricks played by Signor Jerome, that astonishing man so versed in dark mysteries. In my humble opinion, the matter is not worth the thoughts bestowed upon it; I think it wholly unworthy of a learned man to employ his time in such frivolous occupations; but they are what please our good Duke, who rewards those impos-

tors with a generosity that ought to be exercised for better purposes. Here are one hundred florins, which I am directed to present to the author of those fooleries, but it is no concern of mine; I only wish I could dispense with carrying the money to him, when more important affairs demand my presence elsewhere; perhaps you will oblige me by performing the commission in my stead. There is the money, let him give you a receipt, for those Italians——”

“Rest assured,” said Ulrich, “that I shall do just as you direct.”

Teutleben having departed, Ulrich proceeded to the chamber of Scoti, where he knocked for a considerable time without being able to gain admission, till at length he announced to Signor Jerome the motive for his visit.

The mention of the florins had the desired effect; Scoti immediately admitted Ulrich, and having apologized for not opening the door sooner, gave the required receipt, and then signified a wish to be alone. Perceiving that Ulrich deferred going, he assumed a look which encouraged the page to de-



mand of him the meaning of the words he pronounced when following the Duke to his chamber.

“They signified, my friend, that you shall be happy.”

“How can you tell that?”

“Time discovers many things,” returned Scoti, “I repeat that you shall be happy; that you shall gather a delicious fruit now ripening for you. Patience will help you to solve this problem. We shall speak more fully upon

the subject in the course of a few days ; at present, I am entirely occupied in studying this long chapter—adieu.”

Ulrich quitting the chamber of Scoti, returned to the dining-room in which was the Duchess, who on his entrance began to give some directions relative to an affair, which she wished him to perform. Profiting by a moment in which Hedwig was absent, she exclaimed, “Noble and generous Ulrich,” at the same time casting upon him a look replete with tenderness, “if I may judge of your heart by your de-

licate and winning conduct, you feel for me, and condemn the fate to which I am doomed. Am I deceived in harbouring this opinion?"

"It would be difficult, Madam, not to partake of a sentiment common to all who know you, and if *my* tongue declares the secret of my heart, pardon an indiscretion which arises from the display of those virtues that daily offer new subject for interest and admiration."

As he spoke thus he cast himself at

the feet of the Duchess, who raised him up with the utmost courtesy. Having dried up the tears which this scene caused to flow, the Duchess conversed with Ulrich upon indifferent topics, till the return of Hedwig.

The young page, in order to avoid the observations of the latter, to which his embarrassment might give rise, quitted the apartment under pretence of executing the orders of the Duchess.

Scoti, who was by no means ignorant of the misunderstanding which

still in some degree existed between the Duke and the Duchess, regulated his conduct accordingly with such address and prudence, that he gained the good graces of both, insomuch that each was persuaded of having the most intimate and discreet confidant in the person of our Italian.

The Duke did not, however, confide to him any thing of what had passed between him and the Duchess, but the latter, like most young and inexperienced persons, was much more communicative, and used no restraint in the confi-

dence she had in her apparently disinterested friend.

“ I consider myself highly honored, Madam,” said Scoti, “ by this mark of your reliance upon my friendship. But you merely tell me that which I have long been acquainted with, and oftentimes I have reflected upon the means necessary to be used in order to procure for you that happiness of which you stand so much in need. Yes, I know that the Duke does not love you, and I am also well aware that your only mode of regaining his affec-

tion will be by presenting him with an heir."

"Ah!" replied the Duchess, "for six years have I, night and day, importuned Heaven to grant me the sweet name of mother, but hitherto my prayers have proved unavailing."

"Providence, Madam, will yet, I trust, hear you: confide in me; I am your stedfast friend. Heaven has surely conducted me hither to accomplish your wishes by means of the sublime knowledge I possess. Yes, Madam,



you shall soon experience all the charms attached to the pleasing name of parent; but I repeat, that you must place the greatest confidence in me, and absolutely conform to every thing, which I shall deem necessary towards your procuring this delicious enjoyment. To-morrow morning your spouse departs for Eisenach, in order to be present at the tournaments, and he will be absent during several days. In this interval, I shall be occupied about a matter that nearly concerns him, and I shall have the honour of receiving you in my apartment whenever it suits you

to visit me. Let not this proposition alarm you. You are speaking to your best friend, to one whom you inspire with an interest which no other person shares with you. To you I offer my services, and it shall not be my fault if the sublime knowledge which I possess be not exerted in your behalf." So saying Scoti retired, leaving the Duchess to her reflections.

She was long undetermined as to how she should act, but from not using her intellectual faculties as she ought to have done, she at last resolved upon yielding to fresh weaknesses.

The Duke departed for Eisenach, and the insidious Italian attained his object. Towards midnight Anne trembling from the effects of mental agitation, quitted her apartment, and immediately met with Scoti, who without proffering a word, took her hand and conducted her to a chamber hung in black, and feebly lighted by a single lamp suspended from the ceiling. In the midst of the room was a small table upon which was placed a perfuming pan, wherein the most odoriferous perfumes burned.

Having made a sign to the Duchess to approach this table, he took her hand, still preserving a profound silence, and placed it upon a cross covered with hieroglyphical characters; he then raised his eyes towards Heaven, and having pronounced some unintelligible words, a piece of iron wire placed under the cross gradually rose up and encircled her finger.

“ Ah! what is about to happen to me?” cried the Duchess, with a profound sigh.

“Take courage, Madam,” said Scoti, “this is the effect of the goodness of Providence who hears your petition.”

At this moment terror got the better of the Duchess's fortitude, and she fainted in the arms of the impostor, who taking her to a distant part of the chamber, accomplished those libidinous views of which no doubt the reader will form a just conception without putting me to the pain of being more explicit.

Having recovered her senses, and perceiving herself in the arms of Scoti,

Anne burst into a flood of tears, raising her hands towards Heaven, exclaimed in a broken voice, "Thou hast deceived me! vile seducer! leave me instantly, thy presence is hateful to me."

Scoti exhausted his rhetorical powers in endeavouring to calm the agitation and trouble of the unhappy Duchess, who as soon as the dawn of day appeared, returned to her own apartment, where sleep refused to pour a balm into her mental wounds.

Scarcely had the Duchess arisen ere

Scoti presented himself before her, and having entered into conversation with her on the events of the foregoing night, he had art sufficient to lull her conscience to rest, and to drive from her mind those reflections to which they might naturally be supposed to give rise.

From this moment she resolved to bestow no care upon an action covered by the veil of night, and the result whereof seemed likely to insure to her the affection of Casimir, without his knowing the means she had used for that purpose.



Scoti, in order to continue her in this happy disposition, taught her to play tricks with cards, &c. with which the Duke on his return was infinitely delighted. His whole court partook of his admiration, and Anne herself found the utmost pleasure in this amusement, which, alas! she had purchased so dearly, seeing that she gained her knowledge at the price of her honour and virtue.

The first step being taken, she troubled herself very little afterwards with virtuous scruples. Nevertheless Scoti,

who feared that some untoward incident might disturb the calm he then enjoyed, pretended, on receiving a letter shortly afterwards, that an affair of the last importance demanded his presence in his native country. This news gave the Duchess the greatest trouble, which she could not refrain from evincing to the betrayer of her honour, but who now had gained a complete ascendancy over her heart.

“ Make yourself perfectly easy, Madam,” said he, “ on my return I will procure for you the pleasure of seeing, if you desire it, that Land of Promise

where nature displays her charms with as much grandeur as profusion. It is the only dwelling-place adapted to so divine a woman as you, and is well calculated to make you amends for the miserable life you lead in this place."

"Is it then absolutely necessary that you should leave me?"

"Ah!" said Scoti, "do not by your questions augment the pain, the affliction I experience at our separation. When one day you shall be initiated into the secrets of those sciences which

I am so well acquainted with, you will know all. I yesterday read your destiny in one of the Celestial Constellations, and *if you desire it*, you may die before the Duke, whereas *if you wish that he may die before you*, the most perfect felicity will be your lot."

"Heaven forbid that I should form such a wish," cried Anne, "no, it would be impossible that I could enjoy happiness purchased at the expence of that of another; and did I think that Scoti could harbour an idea of the sort, I should utterly detest him."

“ Rest contented, Madam, I know the noble delicacy of your disposition. I knew before you spoke what would be your answer; but every instant flies upon the wings of time, each hour, each minute of mine is counted. I am well aware that you could not support the idea of rendering any man unhappy; yet there is one to whose torment you are accessory: a secret grief hourly devours the amorous and feeling heart of a charming youth, who entertains the most tender passion for you.”

Lichtenstein!” exclaimed the Duchessess.

“Your heart has named him,” rejoined Scoti, and as he uttered these words he opened the door of the apartment, when the Duchess beheld Ulrich walking pensively on an adjoining plat of ground.

As soon as the Duchess perceived the young page, the blood mounted into her cheeks, while the latter trembling, cast himself at her feet.

“The loveliest of women,” said Scoti in a soft tone, “should be adored only by the most seducing of men, be

happy, love each other," he added, joining their hands, and immediately the impostor quitted the room, towards evening departing from Cobourg, whither he purposed never to return.

If it is easy to fall when once we have wandered from the paths of morality and virtue, it is not equally so to rise and regain those paths we have been unfortunate enough to quit; the very efforts that we make to avoid the abyss towards which we are impelled, only serve to hasten our destructive progress, without the hope of ever being able to escape.



Such was the state of Anne. Left to herself, when the fire of a new passion was kindled in her breast, it was next to impossible she should not cede to an incitement, the danger attendant on which she was incapable of perceiving.

The anxiety to get rid of those galling thoughts that continually haunted her imagination became so great, that she was obliged to have recourse to pleasure to calm it. The object that gave rise to her passion was within reach, was enticing, and in short willing to partici-

pate in the tender sentiments he had communicated.

The seducer who first led her astray was gone, and Ulrich in every respect now supplied the place of the former in her affection. They were both, however, victims of their mutual passion, and probably also of the perfidious vengeance of the wretch who had laid the foundation of their ruin.

Wrapt in those pleasing dreams which are the fruits of a felicitous and uninterrupted amour, Anne and Ul-

rich only counted days by the number of pleasures which each afforded. Their hearts were closely united, and the wreath of flowers which bound them each day, put forth a blossom of delight that intoxicated more and more their understandings.

The Duke, who suspected nothing of what passed so near him, gave himself up entirely to his passion for hunting and other field-sports, without troubling himself with remarking the change that took place in the conduct

of the Duchess, whose gaiety and good humour were conspicuous.

Content at being no longer disturbed by her continual complaints and reproaches, he only thought of *his* pleasures without seeking to know the cause of *her* altered temper. Anne having now no motive or desire to reclaim her dissipated spouse, let him give the rein to his *gout*, while she led a life of pleasure with him who repaid her passion with the utmost ardour.

At length Ulrich became serious and

pensive, which Anne observing, used every means to dissipate the clouds that overshadowed the countenance of her lover. Oftentimes this misled young man met his mistress with the firm resolution of bidding her an eternal adieu, and of throwing off the shackles which confined him; but when her burning lips were pressed to his, when in her eyes he read nothing but love, his heart palpitated with desire, he found himself obliged to renounce his project, and to pursue a career which he foresaw would lead him to destruction.

“Why, my dear Ulrich,” said the Duchess one day to him, “this sombre and sorrowful air, when thou knowest that thou alone reignest over my heart, that thou art the sole object of my wishes and of my tenderness? What canst thou desire that I will not grant thee?—In the name of the love which I bear thee, open thy heart to me, and let me there read the motive of the sadness to which I have for some time perceived you to be a prey.”

“Ah!” replied Ulrich, “it is the thought of the future alone, the uncer-

tainty as to the manner in which all this will end that fills my mind with doubts and fears, which I cannot divest it of. I dread the termination of a line of conduct that love can justify, but which honour and virtue condemn: yes, we *are* culpable."

"It is I alone," rejoined the Duchess, "who merit the reproaches which appear to afflict you so much. You know, and if necessary I will avow it in the face of the universe, that it was I who seduced you, that it was I who forced from you an avowal



of a sentiment which you endeavoured to conceal in your breast. No, Love has but gained a victory to which I led him on. What can happen to us? Death itself cannot inspire the true lover with fear, for it can never separate hearts which Love has united."

Unfortunately the sad presages of Ulrich were but too well founded. Traitors rarely slumber, and guilt, sooner or later, is revealed. It is unknown who the person was that discovered the secrets of the lovers to the Duke, but that he attained that knowledge will presently appear.

One night whilst Anne and Ulrich were together, and that they believed the Duke to be far distant from them, the latter cautiously entered a large apartment in which they were. Anne reclined upon a sofa, regarding Ulrich with tenderness; the youth was exactly opposite to her, his elbow rested on his knee and his hand supporting his head, which pensively inclined towards his breast.

“Banish the sorrow that oppresses you my dearest Ulrich,” said the Duchess in the softest accent, “what can

give you the slightest cause for affliction when near the woman that loves you a thousand times more than herself, and who would resign her life for your sake."

At these words the Duke laid his hand upon his sword, but checking his rising choler, he quitted the apartment without making any noise.

Our unfortunate lovers, who had neither seen nor heard him, were giving a loose to the most tender caresses, when the door was burst open with a

loud crash, which caused them to throw off the lethargy of love, and in the utmost confusion run to separate quarters of the room; at the same moment the Captain of the Duke's guard entered the room.

“We are undone,” cried Ulrich, turning towards the Duchess, who clasping her hands sank upon the floor in a state of insensibility. The Captain having signified to Ulrich the order he had to conduct him to the dungeons of the palace, ordered the soldiers who accompanied him to retire,

and summoned the domestics of the Duchess.

Anne opened her eyes just as the Captain was leading away Ulrich, upon whom she called repeatedly. Ulrich returned, he was unable to speak, but casting upon the Duchess a regard fraught with pity, he laid his hand upon his heart and sighed deeply.

The Duchess having again fainted, was borne to her chamber by her women, whilst Ulrich was led to a dismal dungeon, no person being allowed access to him.

The Duke, indignant at the dishonour done to his bed, lost not a moment in avenging the injury he had sustained. He brought the affair before the consistory, with directions that it should be judged according to the utmost rigour of the laws; and he charged the advocate, to whom he confided the management of the cause, to sue for a divorce on his part.

The examinations of the Duchess and Ulrich were soon over; they both acknowledged their culpability. Anne declared that she had been seduced by

the wretch Scoti, and that she had made every overture towards the seduction of Ulrich. She demanded pardon for him on account of his youth ("he is even now a very young man," were her own words), and consented to expiate by tears and penitence the crime of which she had the misfortune to be guilty.

The divorce having been pronounced, the Sheriff's tribunal of Jena, which passed sentence, condemned the Duchess and her lover to be beheaded, but the Duke changed this sentence to perpetual imprisonment.



Anne was conducted to Eisenach, thence to Kallenberg, and at length was shut up in the *ci-devant* convent of Sonnenfeld.

For six years she was detained in this prison, and in the mean time the Duke married a princess of the house of Brunswick. Unable to restrain his passion for pleasantry, he caused a medal to be struck off, on one side of which he was represented as embracing his new spouse. The inscription was composed of the following words: "*With what pleasure they embrace.*"

Upon the reverse was the figure of Anne habited as a religious, and over her head was this legend, “ *Who will embrace me, poor Recluse!*”

Ulrich having died during Anne's imprisonment at Sonnenfeld, she was removed to the fortress of Cobourg, and there lived rather more at liberty than when in her former prison. Care was however taken to place a director over her, who in order to afford her spiritual comfort, gave her a religious discourse once every week.

At the end of two and twenty years death terminated her captivity and her sorrows. She died the 27th of January 1603, with a resignation surpassing any description that can be given of it, and penetrated with a sense of compunction which drew tears from those who attended her death-bed. Her body was interred at Sonnenfeld.

Here should end the memoirs of this ill-fated Princess; but although two hundred years have elapsed since she existed, I shall crave permission of the reader to disturb her ashes for a

short period, in order to relate an anecdote which writers worthy of credit give in the following manner.

In the year 1705, the Duke Christian of Saxe Eisenberg, who was a great partisan of cabalistical philosophy, and was generally accounted an adept in the science, being one day engaged in his study, heard a gentle knock at the door. Unable to imagine how any person could gain his apartment without being perceived, and announced by his guards and domestics who were in the adjoining one, he

desired the person who knocked to enter, and at the same moment a lady habited in the ancient *costume* of the court made her appearance.

The Duke, in the utmost astonishment, imagined at first that it was an illusion, but at length being convinced of the contrary, he demanded of the lady who she was, and the occasion of her visit. "I am not an evil genius," replied she, "rest assured that no harm will happen to you. I am Anne of Saxony, a Princess of the same family as yourself, and who was,

as you know, the unfortunate wife of John Casimir, Dukē of Cobourg."

" I know it," replied Christian, " I have read of your misfortunes in history, and have been sensibly touched by them ; but what motive has induced you to quit the peaceful abode of Heaven to come upon earth ?"

" To make a request of you, to which I entreat you will lend your serious attention. I departed life without being reconciled to my husband ; I now come to satisfy the justice of

the Supreme Being, and to beg that you will aid me in satisfying that of a man whom I injured. I enjoy everlasting happiness 'tis true, but I am not permitted to approach the throne of the Omnipotent, remaining in a place of rest, where I merely taste by anticipation the charms of felicity which are promised to me. The Duke, who refused to be reconciled to me, has hitherto wandered between Time and Eternity in the icy regions of darkness, but still he has not lost all hope of being one day admitted into paradise."



“What do I hear?” said Christian,  
“The criminal act by which you sullied your fame——”

“Hold! utter not an opinion relative to matters which are beyond human comprehension. I entreat you to give credit to my assertions. When you join us in another world, you will find light, where every thing now appears darkness and doubt. I am not allowed to instruct you in what experience alone must teach you; let not what you have heard disturb you, but, attach credit to my words.”

The Duke was so much astonished that he could not utter a single word, and the apparition proceeded. "I give you eight days for reflection; by the end of that term I shall return at this hour, and I trust that you will be in a state to answer me." Having spoken thus, she disappeared.

The Duke thinking this event too extraordinary to admit of his forming a resolution by himself, repaired to Torgau, in order to consult with his intimate friend the superintendant Holfkunuz, a man of sense and probity, to

whom he confided his most important concerns.

Holfkunz, good a casuist as he was, did not at first know how to decide upon the matter; at length however he advised the Duke, if superstition had no share in the affair, to undertake the required reconciliation.

The eight days being expired, the Spirit returned, and finding Christian willing to comply with her request, told him that the apparition of her husband would appear to him on the

following night—"for," added she, "he cannot make himself visible as I do, his state and mine being widely different."

She then disappeared, and returned precisely at midnight leading by the hand her spouse, whose pale and haggard looks formed a striking contrast with the air of gaiety and pleasure which shone in her person.

Having reciprocally laid open their situation to Christian, the latter addressed to them an eloquent discourse

on the forgiveness of injuries, and prevailed upon them to join hands in token of reconciliation.

The hand of the Duchess still retained it's natural heat, while that of the Duke was cold as ice. Christian having felicitated them upon the event, chaunted a *Te Deum*, in which he was joined by the two Spirits. Having afterwards advanced to thank him, the apparition of the Duke said, "The recompense which this excellent action deserves, and the devotion you have shown, can only be appreciated by the

Everlasting; and it is he who will be your remunerator, when in a short time you will rejoin us." As they finished these words, they disappeared.

The Duke Christian died shortly afterwards, and was interred, for some secret cause, in quick lime.

Such is the history of this Princess, from whom the sweetest disposition could not serve to avert the misfortunes that overwhelmed her. It was in vain that I requested to see her portrait at Cobourg; they would only

shew me the chamber in which she died.

In a moral point of view, nothing can excuse the faults that love made her commit; but in the eyes of reason and the impartial reader this Princess will cease to appear so very culpable when it is considered to what description of man she had united her destiny.

END OF VOL. I.

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